Feminist Experiment in Education *Barbara Harrison*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts—March 11, 1972, 50 cents

Chinese Checkers

This account of the Nixon trip to China, written in Washington after the President's return, begins with a remembered scene in the banquet hall of the Hang-chou Hotel in the resort city of Hang-chou, the capital of Chekiang Province, where Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was born 85 years ago. Premier Chou En-lai is seated at the President's right, Mrs. Nixon at her husband's left. Through an interpreter, also a woman, Pat Nixon and the wife of a Chinese official are talking with a show of great animation. Premier Chou and the President have fallen silent. They have the look of men who for the moment have had more than enough of each other, and no wonder. It is the last night but one of the President's seven days in China, the days that he is soon to say made up "the week that changed the world." He and Chou have been nearly 40 hours together at public dinners and entertainments and in private converse. They have just spent a cold and windy afternoon in a tour of West Lake, the glory of China and of Hang-chou, and its lovely islets set at the foot of misty mountains, smiling into cameras and feeding goldfish and acting out for the world their portrayal of old enemies learning and trying to be friends. Premier Chou, a grey little man of 72, gazes straight ahead . . . (continued on page 3)

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TRB

from Manchester, N.H. ®

Sermonette

I hired a car and skidded through the White Mountains in a half blizzard, to Manchester, NH, most of the way sideways. Next morning there was Senator Muskie overcome on the platform of a flat-top truck. Whether it was melted snow dripping off his long nose, or tears, I couldn't be sure.

I stood right below him. He couldn't speak for emotion. Behind him was the big, handsome Georgian-style Manchester *Union Leader* office that looks like a public school or a US Post Office. Near-Neanderthal publisher, William Loeb, had insulted Mr. Muskie, or at any rate so the senator believed. The Manchester *Union Leader* is probably the worst newspaper in America though some readers think this is only Yankee boasting and some other newspaper is worse. There's no accounting for taste.

In any case, all the paper had said, or implied, was that "Big Daddy's Jane" (*i.e.* Mrs. Muskie) smoked, drank, swore and told dirty stories. This was only mild stuff for Loeb who edits his paper like a 19th-century yellow journal which has somehow survived into the jet age. For some reason the senator took this amiss. And his consequent show of emotion probably hurts him. Some people ask if there's passion in the big, raw-boned, deliberate-spoken man from Maine. Well, it's there all right. Publisher Loeb instantly fired back after the Muskie attack from his absentee-home in Massachusetts that the senator showed himself "near-hysterical." The outburst proved, Loeb said, that Muskie was not the man to "have his finger on the nuclear button."

The outcome of the primary isn't known as [illegible]s written but Loeb's favorite ca[illegible]tes are not likely to have their own fingers on the nuclear button, either. He favors Los Angeles Mayor Yorty as presidential hopeful on the Democratic side, and on the Republican side, Rep. Ashbrook of Ohio, who is far to the right of President Nixon. Perhaps that is a contradiction in terms. How can anyone be said to be on the left or right of President Nixon when he jumps around so? But in any case, Loeb and Ashbrook and Yorty put their faith in armaments and they hate Communists.

It is worth taking a look at the strange political world of New Hampshire to see what a zany thing the preference primary system is. All the soothsayers flock to find omens in the New Hampshire results. Indeed, on the negative side, it can be important in winnowing out candidates by the ordeal of publicity.

New Hampshire is a lovely small state of white farms and steepled Congregational churches where the old textile mills are mostly closed. Sixty percent of the people are Catholic. Many are French-Canadians, conditioned to look to higher authority for leadership. New Hampshire has no sales tax, no income tax, and state aid to education is the lowest in the Union. It is eked out by sin taxes: horse-racing and liquor (drinks are cheaper with no sales tax) plus highway tolls and the tourist industry. The latter is the big money raiser.

In this happy, snow-topped paradise where you see the skiers going up and down any convenient mountain like ant processions, Publisher Loeb presides. The peculiarity of the American primary system makes his venomous views nationally important every four years. In 1968 when TRB was up in Manchester covering Bob Kennedy, RFK told a hotel rally that Loeb was a crook, that his views were purchasable. Wasn't he afraid of a libel suit? "From Loeb?" he answered contemptuously, "I have the evidence."

This year 25 states and territories have primaries, all different, most indecipherable, and all almost automatically dragging the media in to "interpret" the result, requiring press and radio to play an unhealthy role as participants in the game. Who "won" the New Hampshire Democratic primary four years ago? Why Gene McCarthy, you say; that knocked out President Johnson. Not true! LBJ got more votes than McCarthy on write-in ballots. But McCarthy won a moral victory, and LBJ opted out.

The people who decide "moral" victories are the press. They inspect the slaughtered sacrifice to decide the auguries. The number of states with preferential primaries has about doubled in four years; the costs are enormous and reform is overdue: possibly a national primary, with a run-off.

To come back to New Hampshire, another joker here is the right of independent voters to "cross over." It is not so bad as in Wisconsin where Republicans can vote in the Democratic primary and pick the Democratic candidate. In New Hampshire there are about 160,000 registered Republicans, 135,000 independents, and 100,000 Democrats. Loeb is a force in this eccentric picture because his paper is the only one with statewide coverage and a Sunday edition. Its daily drip of venom goes out in 63,000 copies.

Are we being harsh? Well, to Loeb, Eisenhower was a "stinking hypocrite." John Kennedy was the "No. 1 liar in the USA," and the senator from Maine is "Moscow Muskie." Loeb's attacks on Mr. Nixon are fairly muted since the President sprang James R. Hoffa from prison. In 1957, when he was head of the Teamsters, Hoffa bailed Loeb out with the Teamsters' pension fund after Loeb was fined $3 million in an anti-trust case.

So I come back to Ed Muskie on the platform of his flat-top truck that morning in Manchester. Snow was falling. The sky was skim-milk blue. The senator was composed as he left his hotel and strode, tall and bare-headed, over to the *Union Leader*. As he walked he spoke quietly into the mike of a trotting interviewer on his right. A reporter, on his left, had to leap gulleys and drifts.

On the truck the snow quickly gave Muskie a George Washington wig. He looked out at the small crowd with his hound-dog eyes, and held the microphone in his left hand. He denied that he sneered at French-Canadians (Loeb's latest charge). There were no notes, no text. When he got to the business about his wife he stopped, his face contorted; he didn't lose his temper; he broke down.

The affair has drawn unfavorable reaction. Men shouldn't be overcome in public. Maybe it will cost him the nomination. Muskie finished with a low-keyed, eloquent sermonette about fairness in a campaign. That was it; that's how it happened. The snow continued.

The New Republic is published 48 weeks per year at $15, by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey Inc., 1244 19th St. N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Second-class postage at Washington, D. C. and additional mailing offices.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 166, No. 11, Issue 2985, March 11, 1972. Published weekly (except the issues of January 1, July 29, August 12 and August 26, 1972) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 50¢. Yearly subscription $15; Foreign $18; Armed Forces personnel or students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1972 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Index in Reader's Guide.*

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Chinese Checkers

for minutes on end. Mr. Nixon cups his chin in his right hand and stares upward at the high ceiling. He and his host for the evening, Chairman Nan Pinh of the Chekiang Revolutionary Committee, have delivered their respective toasts, mercifully brief for once. The several hundred Chinese in the huge room have applauded the President's quotation of the saying that "heaven is above and beneath are Hang-chou and Soochow" and have then received in stony and puzzled quiet his added observation that "the proud citizens of this province would say that Peking is the head of China, but Hang-chou is the heart of China." They would say, an embarrassed Chinese official explains to a table of reporters, that Peking is the head and heart of China. Suddenly, the President's third public dinner of the week and his fourth in Chou's company is over. Nixon and Chou rise and, with the others of the official party, walk slowly up a long aisle from the head table to the exit. American reporters are standing along the aisle and the President introduces some of them to Chou. Near the door, during one such pause, the President remarks that he and the Premier have been hard at work all week and still have work to do that night. Chou smiles dimly and with his right hand gives the President a gentle shove toward the door, as if to say that's right and let's get on with it. Mr. Nixon halts once more, in a cluster of reporters, and Chou again touches his shoulder and urges him toward and finally through the door. Walking behind them, an American official clutches his stomach in mock dismay and murmurs his thanks to God that only one more Chinese banquet lies between the Nixon party and the journey home.

This observer wouldn't know how Mr. Nixon came over on this and other public occasions to the home and worldwide television audience, the audience that the President twice declared with evident pleasure to be the largest that had ever witnessed an event. To a reporter tagging along with him in China, the President seemed to be strikingly and consciously diffident throughout the visit. He kept his hands, those famous twitching hands, under rigid control. This was easier than usual to do, because at no point from the arrival in Peking to the departure from Shanghai did the Chinese authorities allow crowds to assemble in his honor and invite the familiar Nixon

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salute. The interpreters and other functionaries who accompanied the press invariably said that the few hundreds of Chinese noted along the streets traveled by the Nixon party would have been there anyhow. Even when they were seen to be watching the motorcades, any special interest in their improbable visitor was explicitly denied.

One could guess that the President had been forewarned and had determined not to obtrude himself upon his Chinese hosts and the Chinese scene any more than his presence demanded. The result, in any case, was that an occasion that might have been expected to elicit some new and enlightening aspects of the Nixon personality was curiously barren in this respect. His talent for the utterance of banalities was unimpaired, as he demonstrated when he remarked at the Great Wall that "you have to conclude that this is really a great wall" and called upon Secretary of State William P. Rogers and nearby reporters to agree that it was. Mrs. Nixon, industriously providing the television crews with something to do when the President was immured in private conferences, emitted a daily stream of bright inanities. In the kitchens of the Peking Hotel, where favored guests who don't rate the handsome government guest houses are lodged in funereal grandeur, she stated that the boggling piles and varieties of Chinese food laid out for her inspection looked good enough to eat. When her host at the moment, the chairman of the hotel revolutionary committee, invited her to stay for lunch and sample the food, the consternation that sated western guests in the Far East are bound to feel from time to time was evident as she begged off and promised to return for that pleasure at some later date. In the freezing cold at the Great Wall and the Ming Tombs, in the light snow that fell over the Forbidden City and its fantastic succession of ancient palaces and museums when the President visited them, Nixon appeared as usual without a hat and was dutifully trailed by the Secretary of State and ranking aides in a condition of hatless and obvious discomfort that their master chose to ignore. When he invited the American press party to pose with him for a group picture at the guest house assigned to him in Hang-chou, he turned up in the open and chilly patio where the photograph was taken with neither hat nor topcoat and for 12 petrifying minutes assured the journalists that he understood their need for hard news from his closed and secret conferences with Chinese officials and was sorry that he couldn't do much about it until a joint communique was issued in Shanghai. These incidentals intrigued the reporters and, the Hang-chou picture episode excepted, amused them. But there was something about the China adventure that made all this seem irrelevant and inconsequential. It was as if the event and the results that could follow it dwarfed the Nixons and their less impressive characteristics and invested the President with a stature that he could not attain by and for himself alone.

The secrecy that cloaked the President's and Henry Kissinger's meetings with Premier Chou En-lai and Chairman Mao Tse-tung, and Secretary Rogers' huddles with lesser officials, was soon to affect and distort the reporting and interpretation of the announced results. The few details that could be extracted from the President's press spokesman and other American officials in China and after the return to Washington did throw some light upon the proceedings, however. It turned out to be true, as had been supposed and reported, that the President and Kissinger were as surprised as everybody else was when the rarely seen or accessible Chairman Mao received them on the Monday of their arrival. At 78, often reported in recent years to be either dead or incapacitated, Mao appeared to Nixon and Kissinger during their hour with him to be in excellent health, alert, and in total command of the People's Republic. With necessary breaks for translation allowed, the half hour or so of substantive talk that the President and Kissinger had with Mao could hardly have encompassed the range of issues that the Americans wanted the press to believe it did. Nothing whatever about the substance of the talk with Mao was divulged. The only fact that emerged, other than the Chairman's appearance of bouncy health, was that Premier Chou, who on other occasions seemed to the Americans to be the paramount and controlling figure on the China scene, played the part of a humble follower and subordinate when he was in Mao's presence with them. Chou's demeanor presumably contributed to the impression, reported by Kissinger, that the Premier checked with Mao at every important stage of the secret discussions. Nixon and Kissinger had never been told when and where they would meet Mao, and they didn't know for sure until they were about to leave China that they wouldn't have a second meeting with him.

It was intimated to Kissinger during his preparatory visits in July and October that the Chinese authorities would be offended if the President traveled within China in American rather than People's Republic aircraft. Mr. Nixon's Air Force One (properly and pompously the Spirit of '76) and a second Boeing 707 jet delivered him and his supporting party to the Peking airport. After that, on the short flights from Peking to Hang-chou and from Hang-chou to Shanghai, the President and his assistants traveled in two Ilyushin 18s. The same planes transported the press party ahead of the President, then were flown back to Peking and Hang-chou to pick up the Nixon group. Because other Ilyushins were to be seen at the Peking and Shanghai airports, always grounded while the President was anywhere near, the reporters assumed that only these particular planes and their crews had been checked out for safety and competence, to the satisfaction of

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solicitous Chinese officials. By comparison with the spacious Boeings of the presidential fleet, the Ilyushins are cramped and noisy jet-prop craft. They could not have carried even the minimal communications equipment that a US President requires. Presumably without offense to the sensitive Chinese, the President's Boeing followed the Ilyushins by 15 minutes and was parked as inconspicuously as possible at the Hang-chou and Shanghai airports. At the Hang-chou airport, a rather touching symbol of Chinese pride and anxiety to measure up to the logistical demands of the Nixon visit was observed. It was a large and attractive terminal building, beside a smaller and shabby old one, erected within 40 days by some 10,000 laborers and artisans last September and October after it was certain that the President would be coming to Hang-chou.

In deference to Chinese sensibilities, the President and his companions relied entirely upon interpreters provided by the People's Republic. The same young women who served in this capacity at the public and televised appearances translated for the President and Kissinger at the closed conferences. The confidence thus reposed in Chinese officialdom was not completely unalloyed, however. John Holdridge, a Kissinger assistant who speaks and understands Mandarin Chinese, sat in at all of the President's and Kissinger's meetings with Chou. Two State Department language specialists accompanied Rogers at his sessions. Holdridge and his State Department colleagues, Alfred Jenkins and Roger Freeman, kept quiet (and generally unneeded) check upon the Chinese translation and prepared voluminous records of the proceedings for White House and State Department files.

One may be sure that these records are far more complete and revealing than the "complete and adequate report" provided by the President and his spokesmen in Shanghai and Washington proved to be. The report so described by the President's press secretary, Ronald Ziegler, consisted of the joint American and Chinese communique issued in Shanghai the evening before the President left China, Henry Kissinger's cautious elaboration of the communique at a press conference in Shanghai, and the speech that Mr. Nixon delivered when he landed at Andrews Air Force Base. The comment that follows is written with the assumption that readers of this journal have had a surfeit of quotation from the communique, the Kissinger press conference, and the Nixon address. My purpose in the remainder of this report is to summarize the understandings of what did and didn't transpire in China that the administration wants to convey and my estimate of the Nixon account.

I find it believable that the President and his Chinese conferees reached no "written or unwritten agreements." The few concrete accomplishments that are claimed—moves toward expanded trade, cultural exchanges, regular diplomatic communication short of formal recognition—justify the rather exalted Nixon estimate of their importance only in the sense that they signify the beginnings of accommodation between two powers that have been isolated from each other and in a state of declared hostility to each other since the People's Republic was founded in 1949. I doubt that the opportunity given Nixon on the American side and Chou and Mao on the Chinese side to explore and test out each other's perceptions of the world and its problems, as a somewhat enchanted American adviser to the President put it after the return to Washington, is as important and as promising for the future as Mr. Nixon is said to think it is. Since Kissinger visited Peking last July, the same informants have been telling Washington reporters how fully and admirably steeped in American lore and attitudes Premier Chou En-lai is. If Mr. Nixon had to go to Peking, as he said he did, to learn in person from the Chinese leaders of "their total belief, their total dedication to their system of government," then he and his countrymen are in a sad plight. It was not anything that Nixon could have learned anew about his Chinese hosts and their purposes, or that they could have learned about him and his purposes, that gives the Nixon visit to China substantial significance. What makes it meaningful is the fact that it occurred; that the Chinese Communists were willing to receive him and that he was willing to go to them, in defiance of ingrained and powerful prejudices and preconceptions in both countries. The enchanted American adviser whom I have just quoted, rather disparagingly, was closer to reality when he said after his return to Washington that Chou and Mao are likely to have at least as much trouble with the extremist factions in their society, in the Nixon aftermath, as the President is already having with some of his disillusioned conservatives.

The conservatives are principally alarmed by what they take to be the evidence in the Shanghai communique that Nixon has agreed to sell out Chiang Kai-shek and his Republic of China on Taiwan in return for a Chinese Communist undertaking to further a negotiated settlement of the Vietnam and Indochina war. There can be no doubt that the US interest in Taiwan has taken second place to the US interest in achieving a full accommodation with Communist China. But the interest in Taiwan and the commitment to defend it against mainland military aggression were in decline before Mr. Nixon went to Peking. The suspicion that the President persuaded the Peking leadership to push the Hanoi Communists toward a settlement of the war, at the Taiwan government's expense, rests only upon the semantics and omissions of the Shanghai communique. My hunch, based upon no better evidence, is that if there was a failure in Peking it was the President's failure to make any progress toward a negotiated end of the Indochina war.

John Osborne

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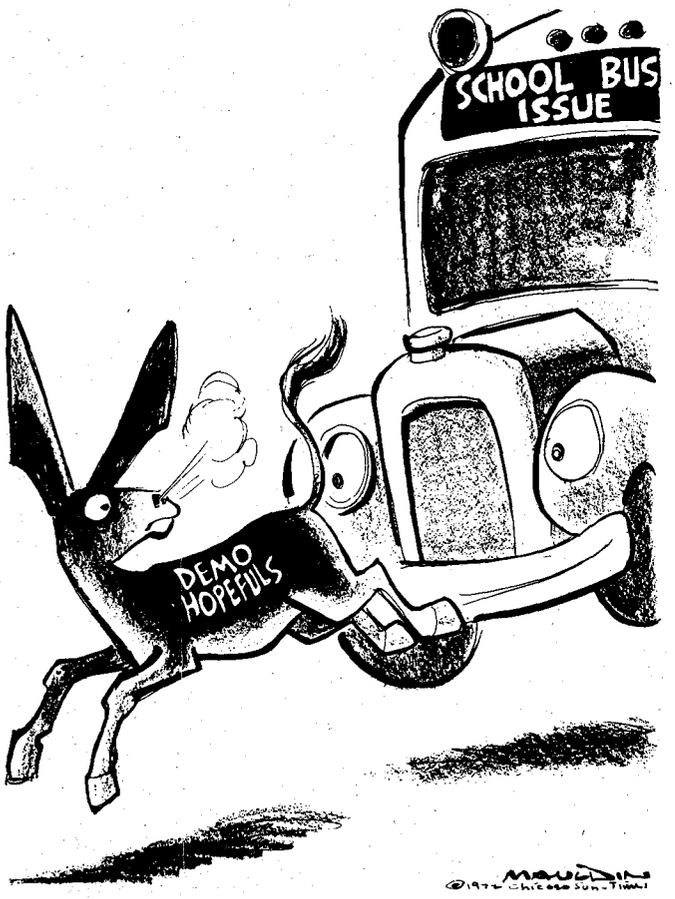
Bus Stops

The school busing ruckus continues. The President has promised to announce a preferred measure of his own. He has just come back from China, however, and has not produced anything yet. But the Senate has been struggling with the problem. On February 24 and then again on February 29 it adopted a proposal worked out by the majority and minority leaders, Senators Mansfield and Scott. It also, on February 25, passed a quite different and much harsher measure, sponsored by Senator Griffin (R., Mich.), which it then voted down on second thought and in a fuller chamber, on February 29, and again on March 1, by just one vote.

The Mansfield-Scott amendment is frankly aimed at averting worse. It does little more than that, but the question is whether it should do that much. It provides that federal money may be used to support busing only upon the written, voluntary request of local school officials, and then only if the busing is not so time-consuming and over such distances as to risk the health of children or "significantly impinge on the educational processes." Now, courts that order busing do not order it when it risks health, and certainly they say that they order it to improve rather than harm education. And a school district that has been ordered to bus and must do so on pain of contempt of court will ask for funds to support the program, and will get them, as indeed it should. Mansfield-Scott also forbids HEW to induce or force any school board to bus if the busing is not "constitutionally required," or has educational ill-effects on the child. Finally—and only here is there any real bite—Mansfield-Scott provides that when a court makes any order for the busing of children across district lines, and so far only the court in Richmond, Virginia has done so, execution of the order is to be stayed until all appeals have been exhausted, but no later than June 30, 1973. Despite the Supreme Court's ruling of nearly three years ago that desegregation decrees are to be put in effect while appeals are pending, the court of appeals for the fourth circuit has stayed in the Richmond decree pending an expedited appellate hearing. This is what the Mansfield-Scott provision on stays would require, and it does not seem unreasonable, given the relatively novel nature of such a decree as that made by the district court in Richmond.



Senator Griffin's defeated proposal was more extreme. Quite simply it would have deprived any federal court of jurisdiction to issue any busing order based on the race, religion or national origin of pupils. Conceivably courts could have construed their way out of it by holding that busing orders are not based on race, but rather are intended to cure previous discrimination based on race, and are themselves based on educational considerations. Read in light of its plain intention, however, the Griffin Amendment would have presented the Supreme Court with the sort of challenge it has not faced since Reconstruction. The court at that time suffered its jurisdiction to be toyed with in similar fashion. But it would not likely do so today. Congress is entitled to throw down this kind of challenge, as it would have been entitled in 1937 to try to pack the court. But such a challenge should fail, because it strikes at the heart of our constitutional arrangements, and one hopes it would have failed.

The administration took no position on the Senate struggles of last week. It and Congress would be well advised to think, not of rocking the boat that is carrying the American legal order over some stormy seas just now, but of the problems of education in the United States, and of racial concentration in many schools. These are the problems that are obscured by the busing controversy, and that busing as such, or alone, will not solve. Some new approaches to them are needed. One wishes the President would see fit to take a domestic "China trip," disenthrall himself and the public from the old disputes, look to the next decade rather than the past, and try to create some new structures for changing an educational reality that is all too depressing. If we find the answers that courts have been giving to old questions unsatisfactory, then we ought to change the questions by changing the reality on which the courts have been acting.

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A Texas Surprise

Persons just back from Texas are telling glowing stories of the first 20 days of State Rep. Frances (Cissy) Farenthold's campaign for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. She was a late entry because, as a "liberal," she had to wait until ex-Sen. Ralph Yarborough picked his race (he picked the Senate). She launched her campaign (the theme is "corruption" in state government) with airport press conferences in 14 or 15 of the major metropolitan centers in Texas, an approach that put her on the front pages everywhere. In a matter of days, she's become the "darling" of the working press. At TV studios, camera crews go out of their way to interview this soft-spoken daughter of one of Texas' leading families (the Tarlton law library at the University of Texas bears her family name).

At El Paso, she spoke to a meeting of 600 Democratic women. As one of her managers put it: "We've got an army on the march there now. We don't even have to go back." At the University of Texas, over 2000 students jammed into the student union to cheer her. In Corpus Christi, the local labor council is working overtime for her and support is spreading rapidly through labor circles, raising the possibility she'll get at least a "recommendation" if not an endorsement (that takes two-thirds) from organized labor. Also in Corpus Christi, the local paper broke with its precedents and endorsed her.

When she entered the race, doubts were expressed as to whether she should be rated a top contender. Now, what is described as the "establishment" press generally concedes she has a good chance to get into a run-off with Lt. Gov. Ben Barnes, the "boy wonder" of Texas politics, and not a few are predicting the boy wonder will get a spanking at the polls. A shopping center poll taken in north Austin (middle-class white area) gave Farenthold 140; Dolph Briscoe (south Texas rancher and another anti-corruption candidate), 40; Barnes, 30; and Gov. Preston Smith, who was caught up in the bank scandals, 6. But Austin may not be typical of Barnes' strength; in 1970, he carried it by only 400 votes while sweeping the state by 70 percent.

Because of single-member legislative districts ordered by the courts, primary free-for-alls are underway in most of them. This is expected to bring out heavy minority and labor votes in most districts and keep thousands and thousands of Republicans who normally help out candidates such as Barnes who are annointed by the corporate structure in their own primary.

More Women

Still on the subject of women, the Arizona Women's Political Caucus has filed a complaint with the Democratic National Committee alleging the delegation chosen by that state's Democrats is not in compliance with the reasonable representation guidelines of the McGovern (now Fraser) Commission. Only 9 of the 25 are women. The women hope to resolve the matter through negotiation, primarily by switching male delegates with women alternates or asking supporters of individual candidates to recaucus. Since Arizona was the first state to elect its delegates, the quick challenge is considered significant. A quick resolution of the complaint would be equally significant.

ADA Undesirables

The mood of the recent national board meeting of Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) tells us something about the tempo of the whole Democratic presidential campaign. It was not only subdued but the passions, when they were aroused, were all negative. Take the fight over whether ADA should lump Sen. Humphrey, once a major leader in ADA, with Jackson, Mills and Yorty as undesirable at this time. The mild resolution said that Humphrey should be excluded "from the list of possibilities" and accused him of surrounding himself with "stand patters" and not taking "a position of leadership on important issues at this time." McGovern backers read something else into it. Unable to muster enough support for an endorsement of their own man, they read into the resolution censuring Humphrey an attempt to declare Muskie acceptable by putting him in the same unnamed category with McGovern, Lindsay, Chisholm, McCarthy. So McGovern's friends joined with a handful of Humphrey backers still in ADA and some uncommitted members to vote 34-31 to delete the reference to Humphrey, leaving only Jackson, Mills and Yorty in the undesirable category.

Simultaneously, four of the major candidates had their wrists slapped by the ADA board for missing the vote on the Griffin Amendment on busing. ADA said it "raises serious questions about their ability to provide the political leadership the country so desparately needs." The four who missed the vote were Muskie, McGovern, Humphrey and Hartke.

McGovern Arithmetic

The McGovern forces are claiming the lion's share of Minnesota delegates elected by the "peace coalition" in the Feb. 24 precinct caucuses there. The coalition won a majority in all three congressional districts in

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the Twin Cities (Minneapolis and St. Paul) but will have to share the delegates on a proportional basis with the Humphrey people. However, they'll make up for it by picking up from one to three delegates in each of four outstate districts (out of five). The most optimistic estimate of anti-Humphrey delegates from Minnesota is about 27 out of the total of 64. Of the 27, McGovern is claiming up to 17, largely on the basis of widespread student support. They give McCarthy eight and Shirley Chisholm, who showed unexpected strength, two.

Meanwhile, county conventions have been held in Iowa and the McGovern estimate has been upped to 13, with 19 for Muskie and 14 uncommitted. McGovern hopes to pick up a couple more of the uncommitted; his backers also now claim private commitments from two of the four uncommitted in Arizona.

The next important round of precinct caucuses will be in Washington on March 7, the evening of the New Hampshire primary. McGovern is giving that state special attention, hoping to embarrass Jackson in his home state by winning three of the seven districts.

Connecticut Challenge

A power struggle has broken out among Connecticut's Democrats. Last fall the state central committee, with the support of chairman John Bailey, outlawed the procedures by which local town committees could—and usually did—perpetuate themselves in office and select themselves as state convention delegates. The new rules require endorsement by either open caucus or local convention. New Haven town chairman Arthur Barbieri has gone to court to enjoin Bailey from enforcing the liberalized rules. He contends that the state party cannot outlaw the closed town committee selection process, which is permitted by state law. Bailey contends that the statute is permissive not mandatory and the party can make its own rules.

Barbieri has been boss of New Haven's Democratic machine since 1953. The machine has consolidated its control since Mayor Richard Lee retired in 1969. Barbieri runs the party and the city from the Melebus Club, an Italian-American social organization with a bomb-shelter style headquarters. The image is appropriate.

But New Haven's boss is not seeking merely to ward off the threat posed by the opening of the political process. He is using the rules challenge as a lever with which he hopes to pry control of the party from Bailey and install himself as state chairman. While Barbieri's main strength is in the Italian-dominated politics of the New Haven area, he has support of party leaders in some of the small towns. These local leaders complain that Bailey's Hartford-oriented "Irish Mafia" has always shortchanged them on patronage. Bailey had bent with the prevailing winds in supporting the rules change. In one of those ironic twists of politics, he is now the "good guy" to his 1968 enemies, the reform Democrats. Uncomfortable as it may make them, they will have to rally to Bailey to save themselves from Barbieri.

Crying Foul

Senator Muskie's human response to the petty, personal attacks on him by New Hampshire publisher William Loeb inspired sympathy but little confidence. As correspondent David Broder described the scene, Muskie "stood in the snow . . . choked and weeping, all his years of self-descipline shattered, barely able to voice his outrage at what is happening to him." The contrast that leaps to mind is FDR's, deft counterpunch at this critics, delivered at a Teamsters' dinner on September 23, 1944: "These Republican leaders have not been content with attacks on me, or my wife, or on my sons. No, not content with that, they now include my little dog, Fala. Well, of course, I don't resent attacks, and my family doesn't resent attacks, but Fala *does* resent them. You know, Fala is Scotch, and being a Scottie, as soon as he learned that the Republican fiction writers in Congress and out had concocted a story that I had left him behind on the Aleutian Islands and had sent a destroyer back to find him—at a cost to the taxpayers of two or three or eight or 20 million dollars—his Scotch soul was furious. He has not been the same dog since. I am accustomed to hearing malicious falsehoods about myself—such as that old, wormeaten chestnut that I have represented myself as indispensable. But I think I have a right to resent, to object to libelous statements about my dog."

Gag Man

Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles didn't plan it that way but he provided the comic relief in a day of campaigning in Manchester, NH. First, he and Senator McGovern met in the Bedford Mall while campaigning and Yorty kept calling him "Walter." A few minutes later, he broke into a TV interview with McGovern to apologize and explain that he once knew a "Sen. Walter McGovern" in the California legislature. McGovern, in turn, told Yorty that "if no one ever calls me anything worse than Walter, I'll be doing fine." That evening, Yorty was one of the speakers at a dull political dinner. Just after Sen. Vance Hartke started speaking, Yorty's chair toppled off the dais. After a few seconds of concern while Yorty was helped up and found unharmed (there was a crack in the platform and his chair slipped when he leaned back), Hartke broke up the audience by saying: "I didn't know I could knock out a candidate so easily."

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In the Public Interest

Chartering Corporations

To most Americans, a company without a country would seem suspicious and puzzling. But not to many leading corporate executives who are finding that their multinational corporations' American nationality is something of a drag.

Last month, at the White House Conference on the Industrial World Ahead, Carl A. Gerstacker, chairman of Dow Chemical Company, revealed this yearning by his big business colleagues. He declared that an "anational corporation," without any national ties, could operate more flexibly and freely around the world. Later he told an inquirer that for a decade, Dow had been studying the possibility of locating on an island in the Caribbean. The chief obstacle, he added, would be unfavorable tax consequences to investors in the exchange of stock involved in such a corporate emigration.

If ever there was a new argument for federal chartering of the top 1000 US companies, currently chartered by the states, Mr. Gerstacker's candid expression supplied it. The spectacle of large companies operating interstate and internationally yet chartered by such states as Delaware or New Jersey has stoked political controversy since the late 19th century. At that time and later by Presidents Roosevelt and Wilson, and just before World War II, the issue of federal chartering replacing the states for interstate business firms arose and each time was defused by narrower reforms centering around the passage of antitrust amendments or establishment of regulatory agencies such as the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Now, even stronger reasons compel a new consideration of the public benefits of federal chartering. Not only have fewer corporations come to control a larger portion of the economy; they also are dealing with the technologies and political power that heavily shape and influence the society.

The states, which now charter corporations, are no match. The history of state chartering has been a very unequal contest between corporate giants and legal pygmies. As one measure of sheer size, on a list of the top 50 corporations, states and cities by gross revenue in 1968, seven of the top 10 and 41 of the top 50 were corporations.

Half of the nation's 100 largest companies and one-third of the firms listed on the New York Stock Exchange have made their legal home in the tiny state of Delaware. About 70 years ago Delaware decided to launch a vigorous sales program to attract corporate chartering. Its law was for sale; its legislature and courts developed a veritable "corporate Reno" facilitating the softest of chartering conditions. General Motors, Ford, International Telephone and Telegraph and big bank holding companies have since flocked to its friendly embrace.

The impact of Delaware corporate law on the remaining states has been decisive. No state or combination of states could cope with the lowest common denominator pull of Delaware. No state permits such power to the officers/directors while absolving them of much responsibility and providing them with a most sympathetic judiciary. The law of corporate charters in the US has been almost literally determined by Delaware law.

This all may sound as if it should interest only lawyers. But federal *vs.* state chartering has consequences that affect the ways corporations behave toward their employees, consumers, governments and environment as well as the ability of the society to respond to such behavior. The corporation, as the Supreme Court has said, is "a creation of the state. It is presumed to be incorporated for the benefit of the public. . . . Its rights to act as a corporation are only preserved to it as long as it obeys the laws of its creation."

The charter is basically the contract between the corporation and the state acting as representative of the people. As a legal entity, the corporation is given many privileges, such as limited liability, by its charter. These privileges together with the enormous powers of money and technology possessed by these giant companies require a modernization of the conditions and responsibilities that must be met. The charter hasn't changed much in nearly a century, but the corporate impact on society, direct and indirect, has vastly increased. The air people breathe, the safety of the products they buy, from autos to drugs, the quality of government they receive, the nature and uses of taxes, the distribution of wealth and opportunity—these and many others are shaped by corporate institutions.

New federal charters for the 1000 largest companies would be, in effect, a new constitution for their activities. There would be new conditions for corporate democracy affecting shareholders and employees, new strictures against conflicts of interest among officers and directors, new disclosure requirements to overcome the many costs of secrecy, explicit antimonopoly standards to promote genuine competition and consumer sovereignty in the marketplace, workable enforcement procedures and sanctions and other basic ways to let the abused and deceived obtain a more farsighted accountability from corporate officials.

Replacing the antiquated state charter would provide affected people with the tools and information to anticipate other problems, as well, such as America's biggest companies' quitting their legal residence in the US for some tiny oceanic island.

Ralph Nader

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Wallace Mischief

Florida Shambles

by Paul R. Wieck

Jacksonville

Suddenly, men started to rise in the crowd and shout "name 'em, George." Their cries filled the air, causing Gov. George C. Wallace to pause in his speech. A smile spread over his face. Aides were directed to bring forward a large placard on which the names of the "Six Busing Senators" were painted in alphabetical order. "Now I want you to name them with me," Wallace instructed the 6000 people who'd poured into Jacksonville's coliseum to cheer him. They roared back, "Hartke, Humphrey, Jackson, McCarthy, McGovern, Muskie." The crowd loved it. The placard scene has become a standard part of the only campaign that's showing signs of real life in Florida. Later, hundreds swarmed to the platform. Pushing and shoving in a way that would delight managers of any other candidate this year, the Wallaceites grasped for the hands of their hero.

Unlike 1968 when Wallace's effort was so carefully planned and well executed that he was on the ballot in all 50 states as a third-party candidate and polled 9.9 million votes, one gets the feeling that Wallace plunged into the '72 Democratic primaries almost as a lark and is devising his strategy as he goes along.

To say Wallace is as serious about seeking the Democratic nomination as he was about trying to deadlock the process in 1968 would be to ignore some obvious facts. For example: If there's any area outside the South susceptible to Wallace's big issue in 1972—busing—it's the stretch of industrial America from New Jersey through Illinois. But what has happened there? He missed the deadline for filing delegate candidates in Ohio and Illinois. In Pennsylvania, only a handful of Wallace delegates were filed. Together, these states elect almost 500 delegates. It leaves him the four smallest states in the industrial heartland—New Jersey, Michigan, Indiana and Wisconsin. He could have a devastating impact in those states, but his chance of winning a sizable share of the delegates from that region has been lost to deadlines.

Nor is his southern strategy that well planned. His own Alabama delegation is expected to be split. In South Carolina, the first round of caucuses came and went without an outpouring of Wallaceites, although he narrowly missed carrying that state in 1968's three-way race. In Mississippi, Gov. Waller is seeking a detente with the loyalist faction to protect that state's seniority-ridden congressional delegation. Arkansas will have a favorite son—Wilbur Mills. So the list shrinks to three primary states (Florida, Tennessee and North Carolina) plus Louisiana and Georgia. Georgia will elect most of its delegates at mass meetings in congressional districts on March 11, and it's on Wallace's prime list.

So what *is* he up to? At the closed-door session of the Democratic governors in Annapolis some days ago, Gov. Jimmy Carter of Georgia raised the question indirectly by telling his colleagues he's going to try to keep Georgia Democrats in harness this year but confessing Wallace could make it very difficult. This gave Nevada's Gov. Mike O'Callaghan an opening to put the key question to Wallace. What are your plans? Are you going to stick with the party after Miami Beach if you aren't nominated? Wallace replied that "it depends" on what kind of platform the convention writes. "If you let those intellectuals write the platform," Wallace said, he just won't be able to go along.

It was an effective bit of mischief. By the time the governors returned to Washington for the National Governors' Conference the next day, more than a few from the South and West were asking each other, privately, what was so important about a platform. Their aides were asking friends, who reads them, anyway? I asked Wallace if the party reforms had anything to do with his decision to run for the Democratic nomination. He slipped around the question of procedural reforms, themselves, saying only that the increased number of primaries makes it "more open" and gives him a chance to go directly to the people.

It's problematic whether the moderate-to-liberal leadership of the Democratic party would know what to do about Wallace should he decide to move back into the party, stay there and try to use his substantial following as a lever to dislodge from power some of the objects of his scorn. Except fight him, of course. Nor would the party leadership find it easy to assimilate his following, which consists largely of the faceless masses of lower-middle-class voters who feel as frustrated by the turn in events in this country over the last decade as the masses of students were a few years ago. Wallace's legions need a champion. And no one else articulates *all* their concerns so well.

Wallace's rhetoric has been toned down a good deal. His Jacksonville speech was a curious blend of the neo-populism that's become fashionable on the left and the "know nothing" philosophy of the late nineteenth century, a blend that simultaneously limits

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his following and intensifies its appeal to the machinist, the beautician, the cab driver. I say "limits," because a real neo-populism revival must draw heavily on students, intellectuals, minority groups and disillusioned young professionals. But Wallace, who knows his people well, directs his entire appeal to their concerns. He gives them the whole bundle, something a politician with his eye on the White House dare not do in today's pluralistic society.

For instance, many people might agree that the ethic of liberalism has "destroyed the ethical values of a good society"; however, Wallace eliminates them minutes later when he makes snide remarks about "long hairs" and comes down with a hard line on military preparedness. They'd also agree with his contention that the tax structure is bad; they'd probably even sit still for his contention that $200 billion in foundation holdings and $155 billion in church properties should be taxed because not to do so "makes the common man pay double." They wouldn't be too upset to hear him say he "wants that crowd to pay taxes like we do." But, a few minutes later, he draws loud cheers when he talks about "welfare loafers," again narrowing his constituency.

So the message Wallace plans to send to the other politicians comes from a large but, by his own definition, limited constituency that is far from a majority of the country but of sufficient size to be *the* crucial element in the fall.

Meanwhile, he's made a shambles of the Florida primary. His triumphant march across northern and central Florida, attended by huge crowds, is in sharp contrast to the floundering efforts of his 11 opponents, none of whom has been able to master the traditional unstructured politics of the Sunshine State, a politics complicated by the influx of retired persons, Cuban refugees, real estate promoters and aerospace workers.

Florida puts the plight of the Muskie camp into perspective. The Muskie strategy, perhaps the only one the front-runner could adopt, calls for a sweep of the first eight primaries, thus enabling their man to unite the party well before the Miami Beach convention and give him a real shot at Nixon in the fall. But Muskie doesn't have the time, the money or the manpower to pull it off without subjecting himself and his staff to incredible pressures. Nor are his grass roots supporters sufficiently motivated to do the organizing or the canvassing or the pleading with voters themselves, thus taking some of the pressure off his national operatives. As a result, by mid-February, Muskie's organization was in trouble in Florida and two of his top people (Mark Shields and Ann Wexler) had to be flown in to try to put together an enthusiastic grass roots operation. At the same time, his opponents in New Hampshire were nibbling away, causing a nervous tick at his headquarters in Manchester. Daily, the candidate was pressured—to debate, to give New Hampshire an extra day or two or spend more time in Florida, to fly to Idaho to accept a couple more top endorsements (Sen. Church and Gov. Andrus) or tour some factories. Then, publisher William Loeb of the Manchester *Union-Leader* finally got to him with a story about his wife, which had already been printed in two publications without causing any great concern, and Muskie sobbed on a Manchester street corner. It was a devastating moment.

Things aren't much better in other quarters. In vote-heavy Dade County (Miami), the fight for support among minority groups has an unreal touch to it. I sat down to talk to two young men handling the McGovern campaign. Their candidate, since he isn't a front-runner, has the luxury of concentrating on trying to pick off Muskie, in New Hampshire. Thus, McGovern's Florida operation has been shunted aside. There isn't any money for media. But he does have a grass roots organization in several areas made up largely of New Democratic Coalition members who carried the two Dade County districts for McCarthy in 1968. So McGovern has a good outside chance of picking up a few delegates. Meanwhile, the Lindsay camp is raiding them. The two young McGovern men insisted Lindsay's operatives have been buying black workers carefully cultivated over many months by McGovern's people.

About an hour later, I sat with Sid Davidoff, Lindsay's operative in residence. He confided, during the course of a lengthy interview, that the black community was "well, I wouldn't want to be quoted but it's the kind that can still be bought. You know," he winked confidentially. "But we're not going in for that." I told him what the two McGovern people had just told me. He looked shocked, denied the charge and came back with a claim that Muskie people had bought up a couple of Lindsay's. A little later, I mentioned that to one of Muskie's men who asked if I'd gotten the names so they could follow up on it.

Blacks constitute something like 12 percent of the Florida vote but, with McGovern, Muskie, Lindsay, Humphrey and Chisholm all bidding for a share, in one way or another, they're not apt to have much impact. The Jewish vote, concentrated in Dade County, is a similar story: Humphrey, Jackson, Muskie and McGovern all have a following there. Ditto, the small part of the Cuban vote that is Democratic.

The simple fact is the courts made busing the issue in Florida in 1972 and Wallace has clear title to that one. He loves to taunt the "Six Busing Senators" with it, reciting votes each cast against "freedom of choice" amendments designed to protect the segregationist concept of neighborhood schools. But one learns something about the major candidates in assessing their response.

Muskie everywhere appeals to the better instincts of the voters, even if in generalities that make one question the relevance of his remarks. On his train

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ride down the East Coast of Florida, which drew modest crowds made up chiefly of special groups bused in—members of Polish-American clubs, New England clubs, labor organizations—he developed this theme. The important thing is to be President of "all of you," the first need is to rehabilitate the American dream by cleaning up the economic mess "so there's no need to be fighting each other for what's left," to "build upon our hopes, not our fears." He opposes a ban on busing, which he sees as *one* of the effective tools in desegregating schools, but he seldom mentions it.

It's a cut above Humphrey's initial response, which was to issue a press release condemning "forced busing." To Humphrey, the busing issue is particularly difficult, because it tears into the traditional minority-labor-farm coalition he's trying to put together in Florida under the aegis of Mayor David Kennedy of Miami, who was elected with strong backing from the minority communities, both Jewish and black. After Humphrey's condemnation of "forced busing," there were reports of severe strains in the organization.

Initially, it was Jackson who was written off by most observers in Florida after Wallace plunged into the race. Jackson's original strategy called for heavy campaigning in the northern and central parts of the state, relying on friendly segments of organized labor and the "hawkish" segment of the Jewish community to help him in the metropolitan areas—that plus old-line pols and the portion of the business community attuned to the commercial investment policies (read aerospace industry) long promoted by Jackson. But the key base of support was to be rural and small-town Florida, a base everyone thought was beyond his reach once Wallace entered. But no one counted on Jackson openly promoting himself as the "respectable" anti-busing candidate, thus preserving much of his support in the business community and among members of organized labor. Nor on his tenacity as a campaigner. By mid-February, Muskie's managers were more worried about Jackson than Lindsay.

Unlike Jackson, Lindsay is counting on minorities adversely affected by anti-busing measures as part of the coalition *he* would put together. There would be an "anti-Washington" theme devised to please Wallace voters who might catch glimpses of him on TV or in their shopping center. To this he would add a good dose of sex appeal calculated to draw the attention of the bored housewife. He, too, had to make a decision. He did. In favor of busing. He could hardly appeal to the Wallace vote (it's regarded as untouchable) and would lose his ranking among minorities and students if he did otherwise.

So what's the situation? Most people will tell you there are two contests under way—one for second place and another for fourth. First place is graciously conceded to Wallace along with probably better than half the delegates (four to six northern and central districts plus the at-large delegates) by all except the McGovern managers, who say Muskie should be rated number one, a too obviously self-serving analysis to be considered valid.

The strange thing is Wallace is being awarded first place with an estimate of roughly 30 percent of the electorate in his corner. Despite the large field it still leaves 70 percent to work with, leading one to ask why none of the candidates with all that national exposure has caught on enough to shake loose of the pack and threaten Wallace. Perhaps it'll happen in the closing days. Maybe Lindsay's budget is big enough or Humphrey or Muskie will catch fire as *the* alternative to Wallace.

Going into the final week, the contest for second place is thought to be between Muskie and Humphrey with both Jackson and Lindsay trying to pull into contention rather than be stuck with the dubious honor of fighting it out for fourth. If McGovern gets a few breaks at the end (like a strong showing in New Hampshire or in the Washington state caucuses on March 7), he could pull into contention for the dubious honor. It's probably safe to scratch the rest—Chisholm, McCarthy, Hartke, Yorty. What we end up with is a lot of losers from more standpoints than one. How viable any of them will be as they head for Wisconsin is problematic.

Humphrey's camp obviously feels he has to poll better than Muskie in his first outing of 1972. Ditto, the Muskie camp. For Lindsay, a poor showing in Florida (say fourth) would take some of the bloom off his prospects in Wisconsin, where he has a good organization. Jackson may have nowhere else to go if he slips to fifth or sixth. And McGovern certainly won't be helped if he can't make it into the top five. Only Wallace, whose real intent isn't known, would be a winner. Then, he'll head north with his message.

There is one alternative. Amid the din, one voice of calm reason is heard—that of Gov. Reuben Askew, who's campaigning against a busing referendum that's not only expected to bring Wallace voters out in droves but extend the Alabama governor's influence into middle- and upper-class circles. It's a brave thing for Askew to do. At the time Askew decided to challenge the deep emotions of his constituents on that issue, his popularity rating was round 80 percent. He was being mentioned frequently as a vice presidential candidate (McGovern had already picked him, as had Sen. Mansfield). Now, he's put it all on the line in a way that somehow makes him far more attractive than any of the candidates on the ballot. Perhaps the voters of Florida will resolve the dilemma by writing in Askew and giving him the biggest cut of the vote up to 2.1 million registered Democrats can cast. Then, we could scratch the winter entries and start with a fresh face.

Otherwise, it's on to Wisconsin for more of the same.

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Boys and Girls in a Brooklyn School

Feminist Experiment in Education

by Barbara Harrison

Several years ago, when my children—now seven and eight—were small, I shopped around for an alternative to the public schools. Remembering my own joyless elementary-school days I went in search of someplace where teachers actually liked kids, where my children's uniqueness would be respected.

I ended up sending my son and a daughter to a school in which their needs would be understood. But who, in our sexist society which defines social role according to gender—has determined what my daughter's needs are? Attitudes about a female's "nature" are culturally influenced and determined—by men. Most education *authorities* are men (just as most of the elementary-school *teachers* who sit at their feet are women). Few, up to now, have troubled to observe the facts of early childhood education from a feminist point of view, to explore what "education for the entire *man*" does for the girl-to-be-a-woman, to question the validity of a curriculum that integrates all learning into a "study of *man's* development."

At the beginning of the 1970-1971 school year, feminists at the Woodward School in Brooklyn, the parent-teacher cooperative in which my children are enrolled, formed a "sex-roles" committee to explore ways in which Woodward might be perpetuating stereotypical sex roles, reflecting the culture of a society in which women are molded to be passive, decorative, supportive, and, ultimately, powerless in a male-dominated world. Woodward feminists want—and are beginning to get—a "free school," one that will free their daughters (and therefore their sons) from the mind- and spirit-debilitating vise of sexist education. But first a word about the setting in which this revolution grew.

Visitors to Woodward, warmed by its open, expansive disposition, tend to sum up the school's ambience in a word: happy. The 200 children are housed in a Civil War mansion, a brightly decorated limestone building full of odd turns and corners and whimsical flights of stairs that terminate in unexpected rooms. It is a sunny, nook-and-cranny, window-seat place. Interracial (40 percent of its students are black) and nonsectarian, Woodward attracts children from the upper-middle-class homes of Brooklyn Heights as well as from the inner city (tuition grants keep it from being a preserve of the liberal well-to-do). Both counter-culture young parents and more staid middle-class types are comfortable within a framework of an innovative educational philosophy that refuses to acknowledge a dichotomy between playing and learning, one that is in fact noncompetitive and noncoercive.

Knowledge is not regarded at Woodward as a consumer commodity, bought by discipline and drills. "Learning" is not something a child is "taught." Not much is laid on the kids; they are participants in a process in which a teacher is less an instructor than a catalyst for the development of the children's potential. The school, which pioneered in interaging, does not grade pupils or issue report cards, and *homework*, for most Woodward children, is an exotic activity engaged in by their public-school friends; the pleasures and ardors of *research*, however, are familiar.

Woodward offers a wide range of options—"choosing" is a school pastime; whether to grant the freedom not to choose at all is usually determined by the individual teacher. Ms. Goldstein, Woodward's director, calls this "freedom with limits." In one sixth grade class I visited last year, each kid had chosen an individual social-studies project: women's fashions, Eskimos, drugs, primitive tribes, Declaration of Independence, crime, prehistoric man, citizenship, Africa, the Panthers, pollution, Women's Lib.

What parents have loved about Woodward is that their children love it. So, what, according to feminists, is wrong?

When the founding members of the sex-roles committee first announced meetings and encouraged attendance, the response was largely aggrieved bewilderment. It had never occurred to most women to question whether their daughters might be victims of subtle discrimination. Feminists were suspected of inventing issues to provide outlets for their new-found militancy, or, at the very least, of being overzealous. Woodward's parent body is energetic; many women were deeply committed to the Black Parents' committee, a militant group that was engaged in sensitizing the staff to the needs of black children. The demands of black parents for a curriculum that was relevant to their children were seen as far more pressing than complaints of irate feminists.

But once the feminists suggested that there was reason for concern, it was not easy to ignore them. They confined their approach, initially, to other women, honoring the revolutionary precept that one addresses

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oneself to one's own oppression. When you think about it, of course, it is only mothers one is likely to see at school: mothers deliver the kids, mothers pick the kids up. The PTA is for all practical purposes an organization of mothers. When kids of two working parents are sick, it's mother who stays home. When there is a problem with a child, the director calls in the child's mother. Ms. Goldstein admits that it had been her inclination, when a father came to see her about a child, to assume that "there was something wrong at home." Since mothers spend a great part of their lives talking to other mothers, when the sex-roles committee was formed it was as natural as it was practical for it to become a topic of conversation with mothers one met or spoke casually with every day. The telephone grapevine and an informal network of school-based relationships became vehicles for agenda-less "consciousness-raising" among all mothers. As Woodward women began to share experiences, it became more and more apparent that there were grounds for exploration, if not for complaint.

By the time of our first (leaderless) sex-roles committee meeting, at which about thirty women joined the founding core of six, we were all eager to discuss the implications of our observations. At the first meeting, these are the things we talked about:

Teacher's expectations of girls are different from their expectations of boys: A number of kindergarten children are working at a carpentry bench. A girl shows her teacher (male) her handiwork. "These nails aren't hammered in far enough," he says; "I'll do it for you." A boy shows the teacher his handiwork. "These nails aren't hammered in far enough," the teacher says; "Take the hammer and pound them in all the way."

Boys are expected to be physically aggressive: A sixth-grade class trip to an ice-skating rink; a boy pushes and shoves a girl, who, falling, retaliates by calling him a four-letter word. A concessionaire who has witnessed the incident later refuses to serve the girl, because "ladies don't talk like that." The girl, irate, complains to the school's director; the director, sympathetic to the girl's feeling of having been messed over, nevertheless counsels her to have a "decent respect for the opinions of others," and suggests that the sensibilities of a hot-dog vendor who is appalled by a girl's using street language have got to be taken into consideration. . . . Somehow, the initial provocation—the boy's physical aggression—is overlooked in the discussion of the girl's verbal response.

Styles differ according to sex: Boys erect massive block structures; girls tend to build nesty, small-scale constructions. . . . A nursery school teacher takes a radio apart. The boys rush over, clamoring to see how it works. The girls, happily festooning one another with the laces and cast-off jewelry of the costume box, stay put. Boys are mobilized by the opportunity to see how things function: girls seem content to engage in passive, ornamental activities.

Girls relate to esthetics; boys relate to scientific principles: A group of first- and second-grade children is in the playground, observing clouds. The boys discuss the movement of the clouds, the wind, the power that pushes them across the sky. The girls say, "Oooh, aren't they pretty?"

Sex-role stereotyping is unquestioned: Eighth-graders discuss *The Grapes Of Wrath*. A young girl, asked to define the qualities of Steinbeck's characters, says, "Rose of Sharon is completely obsessed with her pregnancy. That's what she's about." "Ma," says a boy, "gets it all together. The family couldn't make it without her." "Apple-pie mother," interjects another boy, with a laugh that is rather sly. "No, not really," corrects the teacher (a man); "Steinbeck sees woman as earthmother, as a pillar of strength, nurturing, supportive. . . ." "Right! Apple-pie mother," says one of the girls.

When boys violate girls' physical integrity the girls are held equally to blame: Embarrassed third-grade girls complain of boys' "pinching their bottoms" and of boys' peering over lavatory walls to "spy on them." The teacher (female) suggests to the girls that they were "teasing" the boys, and to the parents that the girls were being "provocative." A parent questions her girl: "Mommy, I was teasing. I guess. But I don't know what I *did*. I don't know *how* I teased. I never touched *them*." *When girls are assaulted, they feel guilty.*

Were these isolated incidents? Did they reflect no more than individual teachers' styles? It would be anathema, of course, to suggest to a feminist that boys are innately assertive, intellectually curious, achievement-oriented leaders, and that girls are natural followers. If gender does not account for behavior patterns, how, in a free school, do we account for them? How do we change the patterns?

After the initial session, the sex-roles committee aggressively solicited the attendance of fathers and of teachers. Together, as an ad hoc committee of the PTA, we returned again and again to the original observations that had led to the formation of the group, to what we perceived to be differences between boys and girls, and to a consideration of the ways in which parents and teachers alike had helped to foster differences, which were then accepted as innate.

For many weeks we centered our semi-monthly discussions on aggression and intellectuality. An example: By the time boys reach third grade, they are demonstrably more exuberant and physically aggressive than girls. In organized wrestling—a teacher-directed activity—boys play to win; girls are concerned about alienating their friends. When a girl becomes identified as a "tomboy" and shares in boys' activities, she is highly respected, both by boys and by girls. But physical girls are socially acceptable only if they lose a fight with a boy. "Don't hit her, she's a girl." Boys learn to despise girls for their weakness and to require

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weakness of them. Is the cliquishness of girls, their concern for popularity, the importance they attach to alliances, another form of aggression, a manipulative and punitive technique? By requiring that our girls become physically assertive, are we sanctioning the kind of violence we castigate in adult male society? Do we equate sensitivity with softness and lack of assertiveness? Are we sufficiently concerned with the suffering of a boy who is not physically aggressive, who cannot live up to the Superman image? When we comment on a girl's pretty dress, pretty hair-style, are we, by rewarding her, forcing her to "think pretty," to draw her satisfactions from esthetics rather than from dominance over her world? Do we reward girls for strength and mastery? Observations seem to confirm the results of psychological tests. Girls are early achievers, only to fall behind boys in academic skills during puberty. Why is this so?

After several months, core members of the committee started providing resource materials for the staff, with a view to putting women, their role in history and in society into Woodward's curriculum. Sex-roles committee meetings continued to be a forum for consciousness-raising. Simultaneously, just as women's liberation groups as they refine a feminist analysis engage in political activity, Woodward feminists saw areas in which direct, immediate action was called for.

Books. Woodward's library reflected the overwhelming "maleness" of children's books. Boys celebrate life by living it fully and reaching out to the world; girls reach out to boys. Early-childhood readers celebrate stereotypical nuclear-family roles. Mothers and girls stay home and clean, fathers go off to work, and boys have adventures. Not only is this demeaning, it does not even accurately reflect a child's objective reality. Many Woodward mothers work and many are professionals. One of the few textbooks (a first-grade reader) that showed a woman working placed her in her daughter's school cafeteria—cooking.

The sex-roles committee invited the Feminist Collective on Children's Media (a group of young women in publishing) to present a slide-and-talk program at a general meeting of the PTA. Hundreds of illustrations from children's books were projected, in all of which girls were depicted as dependent, passive, beribboned, ruffled, playing "little-mother" housekeeping roles, playing wide-eyed little sister to boys who were physical, dominant, intellectually aggressive, courageously in control of their world. The evidence was massive and incontrovertible: a girl's world is narrow; she must take delight in small, homely pleasures. A boy glories in pushing against constrictions, leaping over boundaries, thrusting himself against his ever-widening world. Bibliographies of nonsexist children's books had been compiled and were distributed. Books carefully selected both for their story appeal and for the unstereotypical way in which they delineated girls and women were displayed. The school committed itself to reevaluating its library and its readers and to ordering nonsexist books.

Physical setup of nursery/kindergarten classrooms. Heavy blocks, trucks, and carpentry equipment were in one well-defined section; "dress-ups," dolls, and homemaking equipment in another. The boys obviously considered the heavy "doing" stuff their turf; when a girl wandered over to the carpentry table she was easily intimidated and likely to be shut out. For many children, crossing the invisible boundary line between "boys' things" and "girls' things" was an emotional impossibility.

Feminists protested a physical setup that encouraged grouping according to sex. As a result, classrooms were rearranged to facilitate the movement of children without regard to boy/girl definitions.

Parent-staff relationships. The humdrum but necessary mechanics of keeping a school functioning had always fallen to women, designated at Woodward as "class mothers" who didn't even have names. On grade lists, parents were identified thus: Mr. and Mrs. John Smith. Feminists urged the director to encourage fathers to perform some of the exacting and time-consuming tasks that had previously been entirely the province of women. Accordingly, "class mothers" are now "grade parents," five out of seventeen of whom are men. Class lists now include the names of both parents (Joan and John Smith).

Several fathers found themselves momentarily at a loss for words when their grade chairperson telephoned to ask if they would contribute a casserole to the school bazaar. We weren't inundated with man-made casseroles, but we had, we felt, by not allowing men to assume that this was their wives' job, raised their consciousness. Just as we stepped out of our male-defined roles by suggesting, at a PTA meeting, that the lone man present (the treasurer) be the one to take notes.

These were token victories. Feminists were concerned about a climate. We sought to create an alternative to sexist education in the context of which teachers' expectations of girls are different from their expectations of boys. Hopefully, we thought our year-end presentation to staff would engender such a climate, by heightening the awareness of the staff and by providing work tools and resources for a nonsexist curriculum. But resistance had, not surprisingly, been building all along.

Parents—male parents in particular—began to insist upon the libertarian nature of the school as an argument against feminist change: "I agree with you about a lot of things, but I don't think you should force your values on the kids. Any conscious imposition of feminist values impinges on kids' freedom. Woodward's a free school, isn't it? Leave them alone. Why do we have to make value judgments for them?" "If you encourage girls to do traditional 'boy' things, you run

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the risk of squashing the child's essence."

Feminists countered this argument, which they considered disingenuous, by contending that Woodward, while free, was not a moral vacuum. War toys, for example, are not allowed at Woodward because adults have made a value judgment that war is bad. If an adult makes the judgment that sexism is bad, then that is the adult's reality; is it really possible, or desirable, to educate or to socialize children without making them aware of their parents' or their teachers' reality? To speak of allowing children freedom of choice when options have not been made available to them is to miss the point entirely. At the age of eight or nine, children have already gotten the message that only certain choices are available, and that these choices are based on sex. Our concern was, if anything, to "squeeze back in," rather than to "squash out."

Feminists also had to contend with the charge that they were overrating intellectuality. We were warned (often, ironically enough, by men with Ph.D.s) against falling into the trap of intellectual elitism: "The screwdriver," we heard, "is just as important as the pen . . . the frying pan is just as important as the screwdriver." Why was it so difficult to convince men that what we were saying was that the freedom to choose freely among the screwdriver, the pen, and the frying pan was the most important thing of all?

In matters directly pertaining to curriculum, it was suggested to feminists that Woodward's nonsexist orientation could be deduced from the fact that boys (studying Northwestern Indians) were as happy to work at bead looms as were girls, and that boys (studying pioneer times) baked bread and made patchwork quilts and dipped candles.

Feminists responded that, while a coeducational arts and crafts program was delightful, we wanted more. We wanted our children to have a sense of the "dailiness" of women's lives in the past, which was notably missing, not just from Woodward's curriculum but from history textbooks as well. We wanted an awareness of women to permeate every subject under discussion. If eighth-graders were studying constitutional law, we wanted the teacher to be able to illuminate women's place under law. We wanted seventh-graders studying black history to be made aware of women's place in that history—the organic relationship between the abolition movement and the suffrage movement, for example. When third- and fourth-graders discussed American Indians, we wanted the oppression of female Indians to be made clear—even at the expense of de-mythicizing Indian braves.

Feminists deplored the absence of women from history books. We were asked (again by men) why it was necessary to have heroines. Wasn't it possible to teach history as a process rather than as a succession of great men (or great women).

Feminists, angered, responded that it was all very well for men to talk—after all, they *had* their heroes; we couldn't allow our heroines to be taken away from us before we even had them. (Do our daughters know who the Grimke sisters were? Do they read the poetry of Anne Bradstreet? Is Sojourner Truth's name a household word?) We suggested that we wanted to provide our daughters not with heroines, but with models. And teaching history as a process was fine—provided that it was acknowledged that women, as a class, had a place in that process. As it was, we were stuck with a male version of history that made it appear as if women arrived on these shores; they got the vote; a few deranged women agitated for suffrage and for prohibition; and women worked in defense plants during World War II. That version of history would not do.

One of the happier results of resistance to our giving a place to women in the curriculum was that it served to diminish the resistance of black women at Woodward to what many had previously regarded as an essentially frivolous white middle-class preoccupation. The more we discussed women's absence in the male version of history, the more clearly black women saw that the fight was theirs too. The participation of black mothers at working sessions, our striving for a mutual understanding of the dynamics of oppression, our increasing openness with one another, was one of the more gratifying aspects of the struggle for female liberation at Woodward. We often reflected on the words of Sojourner Truth: "If colored men get their rights, and not colored women theirs, you see the colored men will be masters over the women, and it will be just as bad as it was before. . . . Consider on that, chil'n."

As the end of the school year drew near and the time for the sex-roles committee's formal presentation to staff approached, we had a final ideological battle. Some fathers took the familiar we-are-all-victims-this-is-a-human-problem line, to argue that they should help determine the program and make the presentation to staff. The men-and-women-are-equally-victimized argument went hand in hand with the "practicality" argument: "As long as it's still a man's world, your approach to the staff will have more weight if men share the platform."

It did not seem to feminists that men could logically argue, on the one hand, that they were equally victimized, and, on the other, that they had more "weight"—or more power—than did women. If they were willing to surrender their power, the first step would be for them to acknowledge that women would have to speak for themselves. After all, it was women, not men, who had questioned the status quo in the first place; women, and their daughters, who had the most to gain or to lose. Feminists, adamant that the oppressors could not speak on behalf of the oppressed, were accused of being more concerned with themselves than with the welfare of their kids. But their point of

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view prevailed, and those who thought passion had triumphed over reason were in the minority.

June, 1971. Feminists came to Woodward to present the results of their labors, the evidence of the overwhelmingly anti-female bias of media influences to which our daughters are subjected every day of their lives, a rigorous analysis of sexist education, and tools for radical change in our daughters' education.

Working with edited video tape, a media group showed a seemingly endless number of commercials directed at girls and women, a mind-numbing barrage of trivia; the relief that was expressed when boy-oriented commercials were shown said a great deal about the claustrophobic world girls live in (the message: boys—the world is yours; girls—the womb and the kitchen and the toilet bowl are yours).

Feminists urged the staff to cooperate with them to bring into the school more visiting outside resource people whose presence would counteract gender typecasting—male nurses and dancers, for example, and female scientists.

As part of a discussion of women in history, one feminist read affectingly from the poignant diary of her great-grandmother, who had left a Philadelphia townhouse and a promising musical career to pioneer in the western plains with her husband. It gave a sense of the dailiness of her life, childbirth, the death of her ambitions, her accomplishments, her pain; one saw in it the face that a strong, sturdy, uncomplaining wilderness-defeating pioneer woman never allowed the world to see.

Because woman's history is to be found, not in history books, but in their journals and diaries, the feminists were prepared for a field-work project. They proposed to tape-record the experiences of older women—immigrants, for example, children of pioneers, and black women who had come to the urban North from the rural South, some of whom are the daughters of slaves—the tapes to be given to the school to be used as living texts, to supplement whatever written journals and diaries we are able to find. This is our heritage, and it is dying; we should no longer countenance alienation from our past.

A woman presented an overview of the image of women in literature, ranging from the fairy tales of Hans Christian Anderson (how many wicked step-*fathers* do their kids in? how many *male* witches dangle curses over cradles?) to the literature of the Victorians (which abounds in sprightly, bright, independent heroines who long to offer up their independence to a man—because they know the world will break them if they do not), to contemporary best-sellers (what was *Mrs.* Portnoy's complaint?). Feminists agreed to make themselves available to participate in upper-grade literature discussions if a teacher so desired.

A psychologist took the assembly through the labyrinths of psychological testing, and particularly those tests that indicate gender-based differences in modes of perception and cognition. Her presentation made painfully explicit the terrible double bind women find themselves in. A girl is afraid of failure, she is equally afraid of success—because success implies incorporating qualities she has come to think of as "masculine," thus subjecting her femininity to doubt. To redeem our female children from the pain and bewilderment of this double bind must be the goal of parents and educators.

In the discussion that followed the feminist presentation, a teacher protested that before the school committed itself to a liberationist point of view, "we should get the agreement of all the parents." A black woman responded, "We didn't wait till we got the agreement of every parent for a black-studies program and we're not going to wait for this." Ms. Goldstein said, "We were integrated before other schools were, and we didn't ask the parents' permission to integrate. Some parents still complain because we don't push their first-graders to read and write. Some of our parents don't like interaging. We act on the best evidence available and we are committed to what we think is right for our children, and we hope we can carry the minority of protesting parents along when they see the results."

Feminists took that for a commitment.

At this writing a beginning has been made toward honoring that commitment. No longer is the legitimacy of feminist concerns questioned. At a meeting this month a feminist lawyer will accompany Woodward feminists to discuss women and the law; teachers will then be able to incorporate the information into a curriculum which already reflects the results of a year of consciousness-raising. Such meetings with staff will be held regularly; their content will vary, but their purpose—the liberation of our daughters—will remain the same. When feminists, early this year, delivered to a general meeting of the PTA—the whole school body—the presentation they made to the staff last June, they did so not as a "special interest group" but as partners in the education of their children.

At the beginning of the 1971-1972 school year, parents received from Ms. Goldstein this letter:

"In the study of man's development at all levels we plan to be increasingly aware of the contributions of groups long overlooked. This includes the vast contributions to the entire non-Western, non-white, and non-Christian world.

"Attention also needs to be focused on the changing roles of women and men and the part that women have played in building our civilization."

If Woodward feminists have anything to say about it, our liberated children will speak of the study of *human* development, and our daughters will speak with pride of women.

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John Seelye on art

Wyeth and Hopper

Like the Middle Class and yogurt, Realism is perpetually on the rise in America, and always somewhat in disrepute. Once associated (and condemned) with the radical social realists of the Ashcan School, painterly Realism has fallen once again into critical disfavor; it is now associated with the *derrière garde*—like Norman Rockwell—

Edward Hopper
by Lloyd Goodrich
(Abrams; $50)

The Brandywine Heritage: Howard Pyle, N. C. Wyeth, Andrew Wyeth, James Wyeth
Introduction by Richard McLanthan
(The Brandywine River Museum; $14.50)

The Wyeths: The Letters of N. C. Wyeth, 1901-1945
Edited by Betsy James Wyeth
(Gambit; $22.50)

and regarded as politically as well as artistically reactionary. Meanwhile, the other side of Realism, the underground as it were, keeps insistently surfacing in the vicinity of the O. K. Harris gallery: "Son of Pop Art" (according to *New York* critic Barbara Rose), Neo-Realism is characterized by a relentless, savage irony matched only by the intensity of its money-grubbing spirit.

Realism does endure, for reasons deeper in the American mass psyche than a mere assurance that the true artist is a man who can draw an apple that looks so much like a goddamn apple that you want to eat it. To attack this popular preference as "calendar" art is ridiculous, and to presume that abstract art is somehow populace-proof is absurd. Realism may cater to a low common denominator, but so may abstract art, as the interior of any executive suite may tell you, and only a fool would confound Andrew Wyeth's intentions with those of Norman Rockwell. There are "realisms" as well as Realism, and perhaps a good place to start making a few necessary distinctions is the year 1889, when both N. C. Wyeth and Edward Hopper were born. That these two men were contemporaries may come as something of a shock, but it serves to point up the complexity of the situation, for each in his idiosyncratic way was a "realist."

Wyeth's was a romantic realism, at once limited by and fully in tune with the popular taste of his time. Realistic in his painstaking attention to details of costume and setting, Wyeth's work, because of his subject matter, remains overwhelmingly romantic. Hopper's was an abstract realism, in rebellion against the academic norms of his day. It attended to the drab "realities" of everyday life, but lent them a certain universality (abstractness) through the architectonics of his many planes and lines. Wyeth, moreover, was the student of the foremost commercial artist in America at the turn of the century, Howard Pyle, while Hopper was the student of the founder of the Ashcan School himself, Robert Henri. Since Wyeth is associated with Pyle and the great era of illustration, of the old *Century* and *Scribner's* magazines, he seems an age apart from Hopper, who is associated with the '20s and '30s. Hopper not only made his first sale at the Armory Show, but the American scene which he recorded is of that period we still call "Modern," while the subject matter of Wyeth's illustrations—pirates, puritans, and pioneers—links his name to an even more distant past.

It is Wyeth's historical subject matter, primarily, which defines his work as "romantic": the Past, being at a great distance from us, is sufficiently exotic to allow a heightened, idealized treatment, allowing the artist to indulge our fancy that men were somehow "greater" and more heroic in Those Days. Hopper also magnifies and distorts, but his emphasis on the contemporary scene defines him as a "realist." There is a further difference, however, which may be demonstrated by comparing their work when they both deal with the past.

Take Hopper's painting, "Dawn Before Gettysburg" (page 230 of the Goodrich book). I came across this picture with something like a shock of recognition, for not only is it the only significant example in the collection of an historical subject, but it bears a startling resemblance to Howard Pyle's school of illustration, and would, at first sight, seem right at home in *The Brandywine Heritage*. At first sight, because the picture retains all the stylistic and compositional hallmarks of a typical Hopper painting: a line of Civil War infantry is sitting along a country roadside, muskets sticking this way and that, providing contrast to the regular pickets of a whitewashed fence behind them. A young officer stands to the far right, somewhat apart from his men, looking down the road as if waiting for orders. The scene is filled with Hopper's usual angular, linear repose, and is dominated by the horizontal roadway in the forefront of the composition. Hopper's Civil War, like his more typical, modern subjects, provides him with a subdued commentary on men caught in the larger moment that surrounds them. Pyle and his students, by contrast, prefer scenes of confrontation and conflict.

"Road to Vidalia" (on page 54 of *The Brandywine Heritage*) is an example of Wyeth's Civil War, and demonstrates this difference. An illustration for Mary E. Johnston's *Cease Firing*, it depicts a group of soldiers desperately struggling to free a caisson from a muddy road. In the dimly obscured background of the storm, a driver is flogging his mules, while an officer dominates the foreground of the scene, arms spread wide, sword drawn, his back to the struggling soldiers, on guard against sudden attack. Here is a road, soldiers, an officer, but what a difference! Where the officer's sword in Hopper's picture hangs loosely at his side, in its scabbard, here it dominates the composition, a gleaming diagonal paralleling the muddy obscure of the road. Where Hopper's canvas is filled with bright sunshine, reflected from the white pickets and gleaming farmhouse in the background, Wyeth's is a sombre storm-scene, dominated by shadows and gloom.

There is a statuesque quality to Wyeth's picture, and the struggling soldiers in particular seem cast in heroic bronze as they heave at the huge wheels, the soldiers, wheels, and mud held in the tensions of a dynamic stasis. (This was a favorite subject for Wyeth: one of his earliest paintings showed farmers laboring to free a mired wagon.) Where Wyeth's figures fill and define all available, visible space, Hopper's soldiers are but part of a larger composition, their muskets at odds with the pickets behind them, their bodies becalmed by the roadway and yet with a sense of impermanence. Hopper's is Stephen Crane's Civil War and not Mary E. Johnston's, stressing the more typical, more "real" aspects of War, its mono-

(continued on page 22)

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Another Pot Shot at Liberals

The Assassins by Elia Kazan

(Stein and Day; $7.95)

When the novelist takes on our national troubles, as Kazan does, he has a lot going for him. How can we not be interested in a book dealing with drugs, hippies, the military mind, *machismo*, the generation gap, pollution, communes, drop-outs, middle-class prejudices, corrupt judicial systems? But suppose the author doesn't make us see and understand, suppose his perceptions aren't keen enough, his gifts great or fine enough? What he ends up with, unintentionally, is exploitation, a book-club bestseller, a rip-off, living off the lean of the land, making hay while the deadly rain falls. And more important, yet another masochistic pot shot at liberals and liberalism from an essentially liberal sensibility and conscience.

Quickly, the story. Master Sergeant Cesario Flores has a daughter, Juana, who keeps running off with a drug-crazed hippy. After subtle nudging from his superior, Colonel Dowd, Flores stages a showdown and murders his daughter's lover and a young black who is with him. The rest of the novel shows us the farcical workings of justice in Amerika, particularly as they affect two observers, Dowd's son-in-law Alan, a New England Wasp, formerly a lawyer, now a good-for-nothing air force officer—and Michael Winter, buddy of the dead boys.

Newspaper headlines swim before one's eyes: this is familiar matter, another symptom of our disease, erupting at home and abroad with sickening repetitiousness. Understanding this phenomenon, working toward its cure is our urgent need, so when a writer fails, as Mr. Kazan mostly does, the loss is not only literary. But the causes of the failure are chiefly literary. First, an inadequate grip on language: painful solecisms, dialogue without the faintest breath of life, pointless detail. Then, a more ominous fault in a novel that laments our decaying humanity: most of the characters are ineptly drawn stock performers, cardboard cut-outs. A few of them—Flores, for instance, and the wife of Judge Breen—start out promisingly, with some of the complexity and density of actual human beings, but Kazan doesn't sustain them; they atrophy in front of our eyes.

One character is sustained, looked after, followed. It's clear that Alan is the pivotal figure in the novel; he's the character and it's his actions you should keep your eye on. Sophisticated, aloof, graceful, he wastes his time away on the tennis court (where else?), the best and most sensitive being the eastern establishment has to offer, and he's ripe for change. The change comes with the trial: at first he's involved in the defense of Cesario, but the obvious fix repels him and he becomes a liberal. Not a radical like Michael with his muttering about guns and revolution, but a *liberal*. He perceives the rottenness of the institutions about him but thinks they can be changed. He sympathizes with much that Michael believes but thinks they can be changed. Unfortunately, Kazan isn't fair about this: he makes Alan a perfect patsy, the most awful wimp, whose language is ludicrous—or is it?

> "I originally became a lawyer because I thought our way of justice was worth devoting a life to, excuse the corn. But gradually I forgot about it, married and settled into the air force, I played a hell of a game of tennis and made with the jokes, I didn't let myself look around and think about anything. Well, Michael started me up again. Anyway, it's come down, to this, either I'm full of it or I'm not, either I've spent my whole life lying to myself, or—you see what I mean, it's not him? It's me."

With this self-knowledge under his belt, he sets about trying to patch things up, to draw Michael (whose fineness Alan sees with great clarity; the reader may have some trouble) back into society. To do this he must collaborate with the sinister government agents and momentarily betray Michael, but it's all for his own good in the end. Again, that *language:*

> "Michael, you could be anything, do anything. This country—all you have to do is make up your mind to be part of it. It's waiting for kids like you to run it, maybe to save it. If you walk away from it now,goddamn you, Michael. . . ."

What he gets for his efforts in this climactic scene is an embrace from Michael and then a bullet in his stomach. Thus, simply, neatly, is the voice of Hubert Humphrey stopped, liberalism indicted, for its compromises, its naivete, its pathetic hopes for operating within the system. Off the liberals!

If Alan's villainy hasn't been made clear enough to us, that's taken care of shortly afterward. Michael escapes to Mexico, the judge's son comes home for the summer. The judge is disturbed that his son takes it for granted that Michael killed Alan and that Michael is his son's hero.

> "What do you mean he made good on it?" Breen demanded of his son. . . . "He means," Sarah [his wife] told him later, "that while you were all exonerating a murderer, young Mr. Winter conducted his own trial, and imposed his own sentence." "But Sare, he shot an innocent man!" "Apparently he didn't think so," she said.

Which is brutal but tough-thinking, right? Alan isn't innocent because he was a stupid ineffective liberal and most deserved to die, deserved to die more than Cesario (who after all was an exploited product of his society), deserved to die more than the outright haters, the power-wielding big guns.

I find this muddy and dangerous morality, a put-up job, the sorry conclusion to a badly confused dramatic argument. It seems to me the self-laceration of a liberal conscience. What, after all, could be a more representative liberal response to our surrounding nightmare than to sit down and write a passionate *novel* about it, to seek out the energies of mind and imagination, to look for the possibilities of transformation in this great middle-class art form? What does Kazan do, despite his fable's meaning? He turns to precisely the same powers and forces Alan turns to, has faith in, and ultimately trusts: our rationality, our capacity to change, our essential worthiness.

James Boatwright

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In Brief

The Workers: Portraits of Nine American Job Holders By Kenneth Lasson

(Grossman; $5.95)

The cop stands in the middle of gas fumes all day meditating intelligently on why his thankless job earned him the name of pig. He doesn't blame students collectively, though like the rest of the workers in this book he attributes great harm to small groups of radicals, but he does blame the war and he does blame the well-to-do who "have fucked up the economy, the government, the countryside and their own kids." He works hard, supports a family, thinks a cop's job is important.

The garbageman gets up daily at 3:30 a.m. for his sixty-hour week of dirt and trouble. He is a man of pride who handles a dangerous and tricky truck with skill and thinks we should beat the commies over there rather than "in our backyards."

The coal miner makes what he regards as good money operating an enormous machine in an automated mine. He is a strong union man but has respect for management. He lives coolly with the dangers of mining but does not want his children, now in college, to follow him.

There are also the maid, the baker, the cabby, the bricklayer, the waitress, the telephone operator. Each one is in a financial bind, each one has a job with little upward potential, and each one seems vaguely defensive about his status; but there is no raging discontent visible here. Not a radical in the group. Not (from the evidence) a thoroughly lost soul in the group. Instead there are patriotism, pride and unquestioned acceptance of family responsibilities.

This is both a good book and a good kind of book. It stands on its own as a well-written piece of documentation about lives that are never adequately reported on in the press unless there's scandal or tragedy. It also stands as part of the impressive Ralph Nader series of social studies, now numbering nine, an effort to combine social research with Nader reformism. *The Workers* succeeds despite its many faults, which include a disrespect for scholarly procedures (the reader can't tell how much editing of the taped dialogue has taken place; nor are the severe limits to the validity of data that is received by interview

Ode to New York

Let me not be unfair Lord to New York that sink that sewer
Where the best the worst and the middle
Of our land and all others go in their days of hope to be made over
Into granite careerists
Let me not be unfair to that town whose residents
Not content to subside in their own stench
Drag down the heavens let me not be unfair because I have known
An incorruptible New Yorker (he was a saint)
Also NY has produced at least three books
Two plays
A dozen fine dresses meals shirts taxidrivers
Not to mention Steve Brodie
And Mayor LaGuardia why should it matter
That the rest is garbage?
No let me be fair
And mention wonders like East 9th Street
Why should anybody care that NY is ⅔ of our country's ills
(And Washington ⅓, and Muncie Dallas Birmingham and LA the rest)
When it has crooks so rich and powerful that when they drive to town
They can park?
Let us not forget that TV is in New York and
the worst slums
the largest fortunes
the most essential inhumanity
Since Nero or maybe Attila as well as
Hospitals that admit no patient without a $300 deposit
if I were a local
I'd take the express to Rahway but let me just say
That I don't like New York much
All that corrupt stone
All those dishonest girders decadent manholes diseased telephones
New York reminds me of when I had jaundice
New York is sick in the inner soul
Of its gut but we'll be dead of it
Before it is and so New York
You wonderful fun town
Who inspireth my animus
And leadeth two hundred million other Americans to wish they had not been born under the spell of free enterprise but in a Martian restroom
New York
I know that when I speak of you I speak of me
I speak of us
I speak of selves who resolved at the age of four to convert themselves into currency
Because at the age of four they (I, we) had already learned
That no food clothing housing
Existed other than currency
And no faith hope charity
Other than currency
good waterproof dollars
And if there were labor that could not be turned into currency
They (I, we) knew not to do it
And if there were thoughts that could not be turned into currency
They (I, we) knew not to have them

So here we are in the latter day of our wisdom
Yesterday sweetness and light reached a new low

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In heavy trading
Even porn is in trouble
what can be done?
In a decade a dozen of our holiest ones
Will own the island
But rats will be running the island

In a decade not a minute of a working man's day will belong to a working man
All subway riders will pay dues to the Limousine Club

Rats will be running the island

There is no surer route to the grave than through NY
And all American routes go through NY
NY lurks in the corners of our churches paintings novels
NY infests our playing fields newspapers trade unions
There is not a square foot of American sidewalk without the mark of a NY entrepreneur
Wherever you drive he will cut in front of you
he will get there first

Rats on the island
Ravenous rats
Bred by the banks and the stock exchange
Fed by the girl in the box office
World that will end
But when?

Lord
you have sent us prophets
They have prattled about revolution and pocketed the proceeds
They have made it
by an infallible law of New York
In direct proportion to the extravagance and falsehood of their announced visions
They have built the hysteria of constant and drastic social change into each breakfast
They have taught our children how to stop war on Monday poverty on Tuesday racism on Wednesday sexism on Thursday and final exams on Friday

Yet nothing changes

And wherever one drives the prophets cut in front
they get there first

Rats on the island

Oh New York let me be fair you hell town
I was born to the north of you have lived to the west of you
I have sneaked up on you by land air and sea and been robbed in your clip joints
I have left you hundreds of times in the dream that I *could*
Leave you
but always you sit there
Sinking
my dearest my sweet
Would you buy these woids?

Reed Whittemore

recognized), and a determination on the part of both the author Kenneth Lasson and Nader (who writes an afterword) to draw conclusions not readily discoverable *in* the data. Also, though one of the primary Lasson-Nader themes is that the nine workers face lives of extreme job monotony, not a single instance of factory-job monotony is provided; each of these nine (with the possible exception of the coal miner) displays a considerable degree of private initiative on a job with variety built into it.

But the book seems extraordinarily wholesome beside much that is now being published. It is reminiscent of *Middletown* and the good old days of social science, before it became on the one hand highly academic and specialized, and on the other highly journalistic and sensationalist.

Where Did the $13 Billion Go? by Eugene Sullivan

(Prentice-Hall; $6.95)

Eugene Sullivan displayed the cool technical knowledge of an industrial engineer in an earlier consumer volume, *Sanitation in the Meat Industry*. In *Where Did the $13 Billion Go?* he is equally sane and knowledgeable, but his statistics and case studies read like horror tales. His main target is the auto insurance industry, but he also gives the back of his hand to car manufacturers and trial lawyers. The lawyers for example would surrender approximately half their income if they let the pending no-fault plan become a reality in New York, Minnesota and elsewhere, which is the reason for their lack of enthusiasm.

Sullivan comes to the "Who Killed Cock Robin?" thing on page 5 and supplies prompt answers. Car owners paid over 6 billion dollars in premiums for 1970 and got back 44 percent, leaving the bulk of the pie to insurers, agents, lawyers, and adjusters.

Sullivan has no utopian solutions, but he plugs for no-fault on the grounds that it offers more safeguards to bamboozled and harassed motorists than any competitive plan. No-fault, as mapped out by the New York Insurance

Notes on Contributors

John Seelye *teaches English at the University of Connecticut.* James Boatwright, *who teaches English at Washington and Lee University, is also the editor of* Shenandoah, *their literary review.*

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Department, throws accountability out of the window but requires that all drivers carry insurance. All accident victims would be awarded full medical costs and wage benefits.

In the interim period before no-fault becomes generally accepted, motorists may slow an intolerable drain on their purses by shopping around and comparing insurance costs. They may save as much as 25 percent on premiums from State Farm Mutual for example by heeding Sullivan's cautions against the muscle car, which moves from 0 to 60 miles per hour in 8 seconds. The book steers neatly between sensationalism and pedantry, and is most useful.

The Dead of the House by Hannah Green

(Doubleday; $5.95)

In the old days many fine dusty novels devoted their first few chapters to genealogy and "background." Hannah Green turns her whole short opus over to them. If the opus were not a fiction we might call it a monograph, a study of familial influences upon the narrator, Vanessa Nye. The chief influence was Grandfather Nye, who lived to be 90-odd and whose infinite capacity for telling tales of *his* background gives this story a four- or five-generational layering. Grandfather Nye would have been a myth if he had not unaccountably kept walking through his descendants' lives until the very last page, with his quotations from John Keats and his willingness to describe the time he held a lion in his arms or called up Andrew Carnegie long distance. The scene is sometimes Cincinnati, sometimes northern Michigan, but the geographical and temporal settings, constantly shifting, are of little consequence beside the essentially fixed familial core.

Hannah Green has a clean, deceptively simple style that accomplishes rapid shifts with economy and is constantly full of surprises. Windows open suddenly and beautifully upon the lives of many characters, though the information we are given about them is carefully filtered—one percent visions to give us fifty percent understandings. Sometimes it seems that the cutting has been too severe—we would like to know what Daddy and Uncle Ed do *except* sit around drinking in the family parlor—but if such focusing manages to omit the active lives it compensates by providing a handsome account of sensibilities in a state of receptive quiet.

Seelye, *from page 18*

tony, spelled out in long interminable waits before the sudden but relatively rare explosions of violence. Wyeth, seeking the heroic scene, leaps into the middle of events: his War is epical, fierce, purposeful. Hopper's is a thin file of vulnerable, faceless soldiers, awaiting the orders of someone else. Both paintings intimate further action (Wyeth's: outcome; Hopper's: the beginning of battle), and yet Hopper's being subdued, almost passive, does not arouse our curiosity. We do not ask, "Who are these men? What are they doing here?" Wyeth's picture does exactly that, testimony to his genius for illustration, his knack for intriguing us, for enlisting our participation. "Read the story," says this picture, "and find out."

It is this story-telling quality that helps us to distinguish between illustrators and artists, between (again) a Norman Rockwell and an Andrew Wyeth. But there is yet another quality, perhaps more important if less easy to define, which is related to the universal realism of Hopper's Civil War and the realistic romanticism of Wyeth's. There is, that is to say, a transcendental implication to the work of both men. If Wyeth preferred figures in tension or struggle, the thrusting force of his scenes has its counterpart in the dynamic repose of Hopper's canvases, in his lighthouses and locomotives in particular, but also in his constant stress on linearism. Both painters are what used to be called "Masculine," for both evince a terrific energy, either through physical motion or massive containment, in their work.

Energy, contained or exploding, is what gives Hopper's paintings their monumental and Wyeth's a statuesque quality, elevating the former to pure art and redeeming the other from mere illustration. Wyeth's paintings are undeniably pictorial — narrative — but there is that undeniable quality of force in them that transcends the limitations of the illustrator's craft. It is this sculptured quality which Pyle's decorative, pre-Raphael-like paintings entirely lack.

That Wyeth had ambitions to accomplish something more profound than illustrations for historical romances, children's books, and murals in post offices and banks, is revealed in the fascinating collection of Wyeth letters assembled by his daughter-in-law. Given that the editor is a member of the clannish Wyeth family, you might expect a certain reticence and elision, cosmetic surgery on the corpus of the Dear Departed, but this seems not to have been the case. Here is Newell Convers Wyeth plain, with not only his warts but his farts: earthy, strident, sweaty, passionate. The source of the energy that explodes on his canvas is here revealed, for the great heave and thrust of his compositions were a projection of the man himself, springing directly from deep, psychological tensions. Though he rebelled frequently against the inferior status of illustration, and against his teacher and friend, Pyle, as well, constantly laying great plans to abandon his profession and strike out as an "artist," Wyeth also liked the money, the fame, and the generally good life that his highly lucrative calling brought him.

But this struggle was superficial, indicating a much more profound turmoil. Most of these letters were written to Wyeth's mother, Henriette Zirngiebel Wyeth, the daughter of German-Swiss immigrants from whom he seems to have inherited not only his looks but a deep streak of mysticism. And most of them were sent from Chadd's Ford, on the banks of the Brandywine, in Delaware, where N. C. Wyeth settled after his period of apprenticeship to Pyle. These letters home to rural Needham, Massachusetts, reveal a complicated pattern of nostalgia, a longing to return to the Home Place compounded with mixed feelings toward his parents. Though close to his mother, who was sympathetic to his artistic ambitions (protesting however that he was too much drawn to violent subjects), Wyeth seems to have had strained relations with his father, Andrew Newell II, a practical, hard-working New England farmer whose ancestors had come to Massachusetts in 1645. What letters there are to his father generally stress the young painter's material and professional success, as if to prove the respectability of his calling to the Yankee half of his family.

Wyeth's "real" father, as is so often the case in such situations, was his teacher, Howard Pyle, but from the start the relationship was defined by the competition that always arises between master and brilliant disciple. Within several years time, the worshipful apprentice became a scornful rival, re-

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maining however within the sphere of Pyle's influence. And Pyle was only the first of several such older artists whom Wyeth first admired, then became condescending toward, often abandoning them altogether. Wyeth again and again expresses in his letters a deep hunger for male companionship and approval, not only from his father and Pyle, but from his fellow artists and his favorite brothers, Stimson and Nathaniel. We hear that familiar *cri de coeur* for "a man" with whom he can talk about his work, his art, his ambitions, a signal of deep dislocations, which are reflected in the excessively masculine environment of his paintings.

Indicative also is the revelation in these letters of Wyeth's deep-seated urge to dominate, not only in his profession but in all aspects of his life. From time to time he alienated his brothers and upset his mother by his energetic, boisterous bossiness. An ambitious man of terrific energies and personal intensity, Wyeth was also a dedicated family man, eager to detect artistic promise in his children and to give them the same warm environment in which he had grown up while yet supplying the sympathy for their talents which he had lacked. His first-born child, Henriette, remained his favorite, however (at least during the period which most of these letters cover), and little Andrew, who was to become the most talented of his children, remains somewhat in her shadow. One senses in his relations with his family in Chadd's Ford an attempt by Wyeth to recreate his own childhood in Needham, the ideal childhood he only in part enjoyed, an attempt that is revealed by his ecstatic joy at playing Santa Claus each Christmas.

Predictably, Wyeth was conservative in his artistic opinions, and speaks of the "moderns" in unflattering terms, as "Duchamp—the-nude-descending-the-staircase man, and all the other nuts," dismissing them as "a motley lot of charlatans, most of them, with no head nor tail to their endeavors unless it is to be *different*—goddamn the word. I *worship* individuality, but one can't manufacture it!!" In this respect, and in his gregarious love of masculine association and competition, Wyeth was a sort of Babbitt by the Brandywine, a man who fitted in rather easily with the bankers and businessmen with whom he necessarily associated. And yet there remains that mystical element, the deeper side of his intensity, his great love for nature and his powerful feel-

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ings of nostalgia, all evinced by his admiration for the works of Thoreau. Wyeth's favorite contemporary poet was Robert Frost, like himself a 19th-century man in many respects, and when Wyeth was at last able to attempt more ambitious work, he turned like Frost to rural America for his subject; paintings like "The Springhouse" (1944) and "Nightfall" (1945) are strongly evocative of Frost's poetic mood. Though this transcendental quality receives its clearest, most open statement in these later paintings, it is also revealed in such early—though private—paintings as the sensitive portrait of his younger brother, Stimson, "Babe," painted in 1909. Given the maternal focus of Wyeth's mystical side, it is particularly fitting that one of his most powerful experiments is his "Portrait of My Mother" (1929), painted after her death. The composition is dominated by a dramatic linearism and deep, purplish hues, putting forth an energy in repose that defines Son as well as Mother, and Family also, for Father is represented by a tiny figure seen through the kitchen window, determinedly walking away down a path between distant buildings.

Goodrich's friendly but bland introduction to Hopper's work hardly matches Wyeth's letters for sheer revelation, and yet the omissions—like Hopper's own "monumental silences"—are informative. Though in all aspects of his lifestyle Hopper was Wyeth's opposite, his dramatic qualities have a similarly transcendental basis. Where Wyeth was squarely built and gregarious, Hopper was tall, thin, and taciturn. Though trained, like Wyeth, as a commercial illustrator, he hated the "grimacing and posturing" called for by editors, and, unlike Wyeth, made good his resolve to abandon it for serious art: his first sale was made at the Armory Show, Wyeth's *bête noir*. Where Wyeth married a woman who seems to have had little understanding of her husband's work (nor did he demand it of her), who served simply as a good wife and mother to his children, Hopper's wife was a fellow artist, willing to share long years of poverty and dedication to his art. Even after fame and affluence came, they lived lives of spartan simplicity, and had no children to occupy their time and compete with his work. Goodrich also tells us that Hopper frequently read and greatly admired Emerson's writings, and if he was less well acquainted with Thoreau than was Wyeth, it must be said that in his style of life he more closely emulated Emerson's chief disciple than did the other artist. Though Hopper is best known for his cityscapes, they surely are a celebration of the "commonplace"—hence his realism—and his heavy, sensual forms, his massive people and buildings, seem to take their forms (like Wyeth's soldiers and cannon) from some subliminal force.

Despite their many differences, the fundamental energies and dramatic qualities that Hopper does share with Wyeth, though on a more subdued and subtle plane, are reflected in a shared empathy with the Transcendental tradition. Moreover, the connection becomes even clearer if you turn to the many pastoral and seaside scenes in the Hopper book: like Wyeth, he had an abiding love for rural life, and throughout their mature lives both men maintained summer homes on the New England coast. This pastoral conviction is one major source for their admittedly different versions of Transcendentalism. For Wyeth, rural America was a sort of permanent asylum of the Past, which is the Good Place for all nostalgists, the pastoral dream. Wyeth for the most part celebrated the Georgic rounds of work and weather, and his scenes are heavy with a deep sense of certainty and routine, a quietude entirely missing from his turbulent illustrations. There is a Virgilian quality to these paintings, a sense of a place apart, where eternal values are preserved. Hopper, for his part, seems to have had no interest in the Georgic scene but he was nonetheless aware of the necessity of a recreational return to an uncluttered, natural life. The purity of his pastoral vision provides a marked contrast to the dingy, sombre emphasis of his city scenes, and gains its chief meaning thereby. Whatever his private reasons for his deep love of the New England shore (he was born and raised in Nyack, on the Hudson) Hopper turned it to social ends. He used the countryside to point up the inhumaneness of the urban environment, and thus associated himself with the more romantic aspects of radical social consciousness. Wyeth, on the other hand, reveals a deep conservative base in his rural affirmation, suggesting also the philosophical-political implication of those dark, violent shadows in his illustrations. Still, these are deeply personal, psychological matters for the most part. What chiefly distinguishes Wyeth from Hopper is that he entirely ignored the urban—hence, the modern—scene. If the turn of the century was a great age of muckraking journalism and social realism, so also was it an age of romantic escapism, and it is in this particular area that Wyeth belongs. When he grew angry at the DuPonts, these letters reveal, it was because their executives kept erecting ugly mansions square in the middle of his view!

Well, the passing scene ever passeth, and Hopper's cityscapes now seem rather mellow and earthy in the clean, well-lighted atmosphere of "Early Sunday Morning." When Hopper's people stare out into invisible streets, it is without fear, and his nighttime pavements are empty of threat as well as passersby. If it is the fate of abstract painters, as Hopper firmly believed it was, to meet a ghastly end in the hands of interior decorators, then it is the destiny of social realists to be caught in the mutable moment. Hopper's paintings may resist the story-reading impulse in the viewer, but their universality lags with each succeeding decade, and the time may come when his people are so much of the Past that viewers *will* ask, "Who is that woman? What is she doing there?" The scenes that Hopper took for granted as universals—the drab boxes of hotel rooms and apartments, the isolation of nighttime restaurants, the interiors of movie palaces—will in time take on the mystery with which Wyeth consciously deals in his illustrations. As they recede in time, all things become gentled by the Past, and are rendered mysterious as well.

Ironically, it is Hopper's pastoral scenes (and Wyeth's) that most resist this process, because rural America *is* a sort of asylum, or at least a holding operation against the Future. And it is this common affirmation of the rural scene that keys the source of the transcendental power that pervades their works. Rural America, rural values, maintain a strong hold on the American consciousness: whatever "realism" is, it somehow brings us back again and again to the old Jeffersonian Promise, the Agrarian Dream. If Hopper and Wyeth were manifestations of the Age of Energy, that Age was also the second advent of Transcendentalism, which made it an Age of Innocence as well. That we have just passed through a very similar era makes the publication of these books more relevant than one might at first suspect. If Americans keep returning to Realism, the best of that Realism is magical, and when they no longer make that return, we will know that innocence is indeed dead, and hope, and all.

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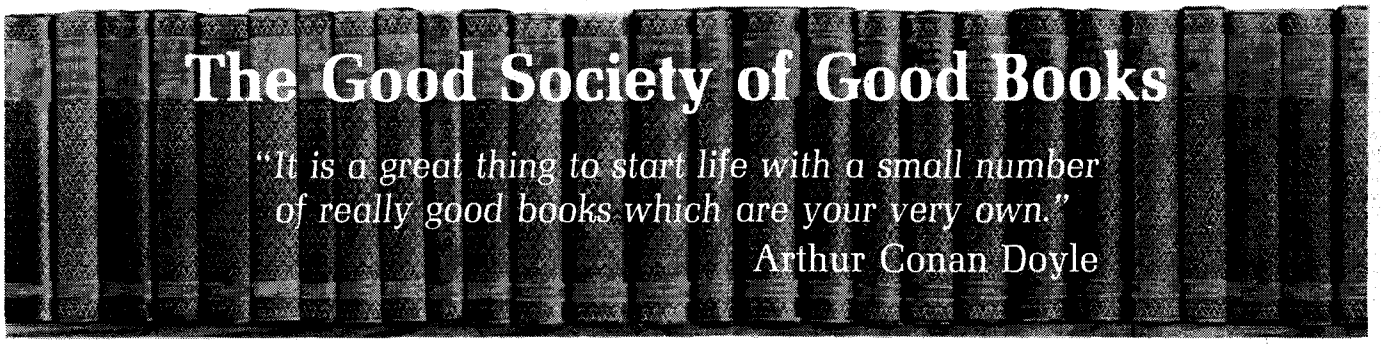
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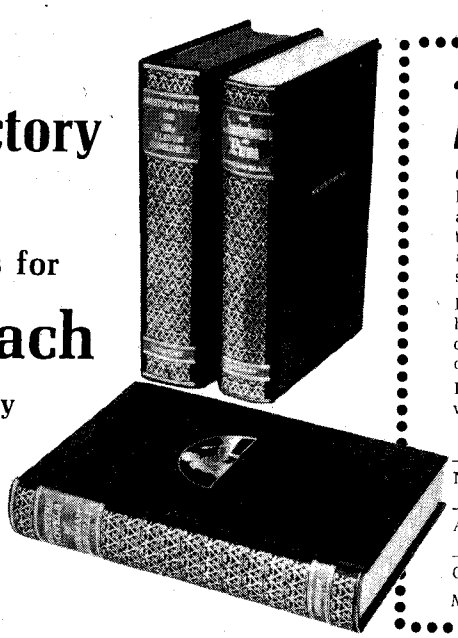

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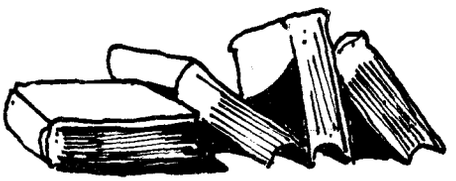

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